

THE
SIEGE OF BELGRADE;

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

Domestic Peace my Soul's desire,
The dearest bliss Fate could bestow;
At length to thee I may aspire,
Misfortune's Storm no longer Blow.

DUBLIN.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Seraskier,	-	Mr. KELLY.
Cohenberg,	-	Mr. PALMER.
Ismael,	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Yuseph,	-	Mr. SUETT.
Leopold,	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Peter,	-	Mr. DIGNUM.
Anselm,	-	Mr. SEDGEWICK.
Michael,	-	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.



W O M E N.

Katharine	-	Mrs. CROUCH.
Fatima,	-	Miss DE CAMP.
Lilla,	-	Signora STORACE.
Ghita,	-	Mrs. BLAND.

Soldiers, Guards, Peasants, &c. &c.

THE
SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

ACT. I.
SCENCE. I.

Village of Servia, with the Danube ; on one side the Turkish Camp, on the other, the Austrians, which appears at a distance—Enter several Turkish Soldiers, and range themselves on each side the Stage—then enter Turkish Peasants of each sex, who Dance—End of the Dance, the following Chorus.

CHORUS OF TURKISH SOLDIERS.

Wave our Prophet's fam'd standard of glory on high,
'Till the envious moon die away in the sky,
And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's fair stream,
To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.

Enter Yuseph.

BE silent, you soldiers, his Highness the Seraskier is coming ; he is just arrived with a Turkish Army under his command to relieve Belgrade. I have been conversing with him—I told him of your loyalty to the Sublime Porte, Sir, your highness, my dear highness, says I, for we talk'd it very familiarly, I am the chief magistrate of this village—I know the Ottoman Porte has not more loyal subjects in all the province of Servia ; and as for your highness, always talking of your highness—your highness's name is never out of our mouths—By the bye, remember his name is Mahamed, Aboubeker Ben Abdallah, Ben Ali, I dare say you never heard it before :—So says the Seraskier to me, my dear Yuseph Ben Yacomb, Ben Mustapha, at the same time graciously laughing at me with great condescension.
[flourish.

Oh, here he comes—now you shall see how his highness is pleas'd to honour me; I shall certainly be created a Pacha of three tails.

Enter Seraskier, Ismael, and Attendants.

Seras. Yuseph, come hither.

Yuseph. Yes, your highness, [*aside to the peasants*] now he is going to consult me on some great military operation.

Seras. Are there many pretty girls in this neighbourhood?

Yuseph. Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke—Ah, your highness will conquer every way I see—ha! ha! ha! your highness is pleas'd to make me laugh, ha! ha; ha!

Seras. You are too familiar.

Yuseph. My lord!

Seras. Begone. [*Exeunt Yuseph and Peasants*]

[*Enter Lilla, [kneels to Seras.]*]

AIR.

Lost, distressed, thus driven from home,

Whither shall poor Lilla go!

Wherefoe'er my steps may roam,

Tyrant power will prove my foe.

Seras. Who is this beautiful girl? rise, lovely fair one.

Lilla. I humbly beg your highness's pardon for my boldness, I am not us'd to talk to great folks.

Seras. Speak, charming angel, bless me with the voice of nature. Who are you?

TRIO.

Seras. Speak; I command thee, tell thy grief,

Say, can my power afford relief:

For my trembling heart must yield belief;

[*Aside.*]

Lilla. Ah! may I dare to tell my grief,

And humbly thus, implore relief;

To my fault'ring tongue, oh; yield belief,

Ismael. Beauty may boldly tell her grief,

Such fine eyes command relief;

And his trembling heart must yield belief.

Lilla.

Lilla. I am but a poor country girl, Sir; my name is Lilla; but I love Leopold, and Leopold loves me, yet my cross ill-natur'd brother wants me to refuse Leopold, to marry that ugly old miser Yuseph, a justice of peace in our village.

Seras. Yuseph; Oh the old poacher—why does your brother object to Leopold?

Lilla. He says, and please your highness, that Leopold is too passionate to make a good husband; now I own he is rather violent, but I don't like him a bit the worse for that.

Seras. Where is Leopold?

Lilla. Ah, my Lord, my mind misgives me that some mischief has happened to him; but they lock'd me up to prevent my going in search of him.

Seras. Then how came you here?

Lilla. Please your highness I jumped out of the window.

Seras. What a pleasing sample of rustic simplicity—how handsome she is!

Ismael. What, my lord, do you forget your Austrian captive?

Seras. Forget her, no; but why should I confine myself to a single rose, when I can form a bouquet of 'em? Well, charming Lilla, within this half hour, I promise you redress—conduct her to my tent, and attend her well.

Lilla. A thousand thanks, your highness.

Seras. Is she not beautiful, Ismael?

Ismael. I own my lord, she is beautiful, but—

Seras. But what?

Ismael. I beg your highness pardon; but while I see the black eagle soar upon the walls of Belgrade, I cannot forget that I am a soldier.

Seras. Nor I, Ismael; but I have room in my heart for love and valour at the same time: I never fight better than when I am in love; Mars never smiles so propitiously upon me, as when I am paying my adoration to Venus; so, if you wish me to conquer the Austrians, you must get me this girl, [*Exit Ismael.*] She is a charming creature, and shall be mine.

A.

AIR.

AIR:

The rose and the lilly their beauties combining,
 Delight in adoring a form so divine;
 Such charms to a peasant consigning,
 Ah! must I resign?
 Forbid it ye powers! to love 'tis a treason;
 Yet ambition, assuming the semblance of reason,
 Commands me with scorn the mean thought to decline.
 Wealth and power, what are you worth,
 To pleasure, if you give not birth?
 Rich in ambition's gilded toys,
 I barter them for real joys!

[Exit

SCENE II.

*Inside of Peter's House.**Enter Peter and Ghita.*

DUET,

Ghita. How the deuce I came to like you,
 I am sure I cannot tell;
 Had my face not chanc'd to strike you,
 I'd been pleas'd, Sir, just as well.

Peter. Faith, as you say, I too wonder,
 Why to like you I'm inclin'd;
 Tho' in love we're apt to blunder,
 Love, you know, they say is blind.

Ghita. You're ogling all the lasses,

Peter. You're simp'ring at each lad,

Ghita. Each hour in falsehood passes,

Peter. You flirt it quite as bad,

Bath. You had better not provoke me,
 Tho' you think as you've bespoke me,
 I shall let you break my heart,
 But I am ready now to part.

Peter. Then, suppose I take my leave?

Ghita. Do—I'm sure I shall not grieve,
 Will you stay—or will you go?

Peter

Peter. Shall I stay—or shall I go?

Both. As you please—say yes, or no.

Enter Yuseph.

Yuseph. What the deuce, quarrelling before marriage—
O fie, that is very irregular; wait till the ceremony is
over, and then you will quarrel of course.

Peter. Indeed, sir!

Ghita. Hear me, sir.

Yuseph. No, I'll not hear you, am I to be talk'd to by
you, I who have convers'd with his highness the Se-
raskier—besides, I hate to hear both sides of the ques-
tion; it perplexes me so, that I never know how to make
a decision.

Peter. Why then, sir, how can you decide?

Yuseph. Why, I decide that you are both in the wrong.
I fancy that decision will hold good in most quarrels—
my friend, his highness the Seraskier, cou'd not make a
better decision—but where is your sister? where is my
dear Lilla? [*To Peter,*

Ghita. Why Peter has lock'd her up, to keep her
from your rival, Leopold.

Yuseph. Ah, that's a desperate dog—he is always in a
passion, and always pretending to keep his temper; he is
the very torch of sedition, and always in a blaze. [*Leop.*
singing without] Hey! why that's his voice. I—I—I
don't much wish for meeting—here he comes,

Enter Leopold.

How are you!—how do you do?—hark'e, you sir,
where's your sister?

Peter. Why, as to that, Leopold—

Leop. O! I know what you are going to say; you
mean to say that I am in a passion, but it's false, I am not
in a passion—Ha, Ghita, how do you do? very fine,
pleasant, disagreeable, temperate weather, I think.

Yuseph. Rather cloudy.

Leop. What?

Yuseph. It was rather cloudy when I was talking to
his highness the Seraskier just now—but I believe I can
answer your enquiries—in the first place—

Leop.

Leop. What do you mean by that?—I'd have you know that I won't take an insult from any man living.

Yuseph. Why there is no talking to you, I can't reason with you.

Leop. Its false; you—I say you are mistaken, I insist upon your reasoning with me—dam'me, you shall reason with me—aye, and coolly too, tho' I know you are my rival.

Yuseph. But give me leave—

Leop. Well, I know what you are going to say, that people needn't quarrel because they are rivals.

Yuseph. Granted—and besides—

Leop. Well, I know, I know; and you mean to observe that warmth and anger betray a weakness on these occasions, which I trust I am free from—Hark'e, you rascal [*to Peter*] I know your sister is lock'd up—if you don't give me the key, dam'me I'll break your head—I will, by —

Yuseph. [*To Leopold,*] Sir, do you remember who I am—a magistrate and a courtier! do you respect my authority? [*Marching up to Leopold who retires backwards.*]

Leop. [*Marching up to Yuseph, who retires.*] No, I do not—that for your authority, [*snaps his fingers,*] a magistrate indeed! ha! ha! ha! look at the magistrate—what have you to say now, magistrate?

Yuseph. Nothing, if you don't respect authority there's an end of the matter.

Leop. [*To Peter*] Give me the key.

Peter. Why, to say the truth, Leopold, I have lost it.

Leop. Lost it, O very well. But its no matter—I believe this right shoulder of mine will force any lock, I'll break open the door, and I'll do it without any violence, only to shew how I can keep my temper—now I defy any of you to say that I put myself in a passion—dam'me, stand out of the way, or I'll knock you down, you old goat. [*Pushes with great violence against Yuseph, and exit.*]

Ghita. What do you think now, sir?

Yuseph. Faith, I don't know, my thoughts are rather confus'd—I—I—I [*A great noise heard*] There, there, he

he has broke the door all to smash—good morning to you perhaps his highness waits for me.

Peter. Consider, sir, you had better not leave us.

Yuseph. Indeed, I beg your pardon—our good humour'd friend may come back and knock out my brains very coolly—only to shew what he can do without being in a passion. [*Exit with Peter.*]

Ghita. Poor Lilla, I hope Leopold will carry her off, I am sure she loves him, and that he loves her; the whole village will rejoice at their wedding.

AIR.

All will hail the joyous day,
When love his triumph shall display;
The dance shall mingle old and young,
The rustic pipe assist the song;
The sprightly bells with welcome sound,
Shall spread the happy news around,
And give a hint to maidens coy,
That youth they should not misemploy.
Yuseph will, with fullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied;
And as we trip with merry glee,
Wish himself as poor as we.
The sprightly bells, &c.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III.

Outside of Peter's house; a garden-wall round it—Leopold discovered at the window, out of which a veil is hanging.

Leop. Poor Lilla—no where to be found—she's gone, and, by her veil hanging here out of the window, in a fit of despair—I'll after her. [*Jumps out, and comes out of the door of the garden-wall with the veil.*] This relick of my beloved Lilla's shall serve to keep my resentment alive—but where's that cruel villain Peter—dam'me, I'll maul him.

[*Retires into the garden.*]

Enter Peter.

Ha! the window open; nay, then madam's off—but where's that mad-brain'd Leopold.

Enter

Enter Leopold from the garden.

Have I caught you, firrah—now what have you to say for yourself. *[Takes hold of his throat.]*

Peter. Why nothing to be sure if you stop my breath.

Leop. Hark'e, rascal, if you don't tell me where Lilla is—

Peter. Why you are in such a passion, Leopold.

Leop. It's false—I'm not in a passion—If you say I'm in a passion, I'll kick you, you scurvy knave.

Enter Yuseph and Officers.

Seize that fellow directly.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Yuseph. Seize him; seize him, I say!

Peter. Seize him! seize him—why pray?

Leop. Let me come at him pray.

Chorus. Haste, let us bear him away,

Yuseph. Don't fear, I'll protect you.

Leop. You're a rogue—I suspect you.

Yuseph. Knock him down, I command it.

Chorus. Knock him down, he commands it.

Peter. How can justice demand it.

Hear me.

Chorus. —————Hear me!

Leop. —————No, hear me!

Yuseph. We are none of us safe

Chorus. While that fellow is free.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Inside of Anselm's Cottage.

Enter Anselm,

The hour is almost come, I wonder if Colonel Cohenberg is yet arrived; perhaps he may be the chosen instrument of Heaven to destroy this Turkish tyranny, that like a baseful weed chokes up our very seed of Freedom:

AIR.

The sapling oak lost in the dell,

Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,

And every infant shoot repel,

Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil,

At

At length the woodman clears around
Where'er the noxious thickets spread,
And high from the reviving ground,
The forest's monarch lifts his head.

Enter Colonel Cohenberg.

Anselm. Colonel Cohenberg!

Col. My friend Anselm!

Anselm. What cou'd induce you, colonel, to trust yourself so far within the enemy's camp.

Col. Two powerful motives, my Anselm, love and glory. Our general means to attack this post to night, and I am honour'd with the command of the detachment—will the villagers assist us, think ye?

Anselm. Assist ye! aye, colonel, to the last drop of our blood, every man of us. We have groan'd under Turkish oppression too long—but you mention'd the word love, colonel, may I venture to enquire after the fair Katharine, whom I saw at Vienna last year?

Col. Adorable girl! she had just consented to be mine, when I was suddenly order'd to the Siege of Belgrade.

Anselm. That was unlucky—how did she bear the news?

Col. Like a heroine: when I attempted a faltering adieu; what says she, will you now refuse the hand you have so often solicited? shou'd the bitter hour of misfortune o'ertake you, my Cohenberg, you will need the consolation of friendship; and have you a dearer friend than your Katharine?—I will go with you, and shall find my happiness in fulfilling the duties of a wife.

Anselm. You married her then?

Col. Aye; but was immediately obliged to join my regiment.—How shall I speak the remainder of our melancholy story?—she attempted to follow me, but was taken prisoner by a straggling party of the Turkish army, just arrived to the relief of Belgrade.

Anselm. Then I fear she is taken to the Seraskier's seraglio.

Col. That's what I dread; in what part of the camp is his seraglio,

Anselm,

Anselm. You may have observed, about two miles from hence, a convent almost in ruins, which he has converted into his seraglio.

Col. I am not personally known to the Seraskier. By pretending business to him, I may easily gain admittance to his presence. I have prepared two letters, one to the Seraskier in my own name, another to my Katharine, informing her of my design.

Anselm. And if you find her there, what then?

Col. What then! why then I'll storm the Seraskier's tent, and carry her off this night.

Anselm. Heaven prosper you, 'tis a hazardous enterprise.

Col. Hazardous, my Anselm! I scorn the thought; I have pick'd the gallant fellows whom I command, my brave Hussars, the flower of the Austrian army; we have fought, we have bled, we have conquered together; and that leader hazards little who has thought it his first duty to treat his soldiers as his friends,

Anselm. But you know, colonel friends in all situations will sometimes desert.

Col. I am not speaking of the weathercock friendship that only shews which way the wind of caprice points. We have tried each other in adversity and prosperity, and have cemented our friendship with our blood on the field of battle—but come, lead me to the Seraskier—be diligent, confident, and secret.

*Then trust our cause to Providence above,
That never failing hope of faithful love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Seraskier's Tent.

Enter Lilla from the Tent.

AIR.

Blithe as the hours of May,
Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd love's gentle sway,
They will return no more!

Every

Every fond hope is lost!
 No comfort can they bring,
 Winter's untimely chilling frost
 Destroy'd the infant spring,
 Blithe as the hours, &c.

Enter Ghita.

Ghita. Ah, my dear Lilla, I am glad I have found you; do you know the surly guard denied me admittance at first—well, how did you come here, tell me all about it?

Lilla. Hush! some other time; here comes his highness, now pray don't leave me alone with him.

Enter Seraskier.

Seras. Ha! a companion with her, that obstacle must be remov'd. [*Aside*]—Well, Lilla, you shall find me a man of my word; I promis'd you redress, and you shall have it, but I must first talk with Yuseph on the business, and this pretty maiden shall be my messenger, to say that I desire his immediate attendance on me.

Ghita. Yes, your highness—come Lilla.

Seras. Lilla, you may remain with me.

Ghita. [*Aside.*] O yes, she's like to remain indeed, whilst his highness is so violently in love with justice; yes, yes, I understand it very well—aye, aye. [*Exit*

Seras. Lilla, why are you so much alarm'd? you have nothing to apprehend—do you know, Lilla, it is in your power to make me very happy.

Lilla. Is your highness unhappy?

Seras. I am—tell me, Lilla, are you sensible of love?

Lilla. Ah! that I am indeed, sir. [*Sighs.*

Seras. Suppose I was to love you?

Lilla. I shou'd be sorry for that, my lord.

Seras. Why so?

Lilla. Because, my lord, I cou'dn't love you in return—pray, my lord don't be angry.

Seras. I am not angry—but come, Lilla, I must inspire

inspire you with an ambition for grandeur.

Lilla. Will grandeur make me happy, sir?

Seras. Certainly.

Lilla. Then how can your highness be unhappy?

Seras. O that is—that is—I cannot explain that to your comprehension—but say, *Lilla*, when you behold from your cottage window the magnificent buildings and gardens of Belgrade, do you not——

Lilla. O my lord, I own I admire them; but my favourite is an humble flower, which I fear I shou'd not find in your highness's garden!

Seras. What's that?

Lilla. *Heart's-ease*, sir.

Seras. Come, come, you shall misunderstand me no longer——

[*Takes hold of her.*]

Enter Ghita hastily.

O my lord!—my lord!

Seras. You are soon return'd.

Ghita. O yes, my lord, ill news you know flies apace. Some officers have seiz'd poor Leopold, and are hurrying him to prison for affronting that wicked old justice Yuseph.

Lilla. Ah, my lord! pray have compassion on an unfortunate lover.

Seras. You must first set me an example——the law must have its course.

T R I O.

Seraskier:

When justice claims the victim due,
Her dictates I obey.

Lilla and Ghita.

Yet should distress for pity sue,
You'll own the gentle sway.

Seraskier.

Law must prevail.

Lilla

Lilla.

And so it may,
Except when love is in the way.

Seraskier.

Your arts forbear,
No more I'll hear.

Lilla and Ghita.

When justice { she } attended,
 { I }

Let { her } not find a foe.
 { me }

In what { has she } offended,
 { have I }

Alas ! I do not know,

Seraskier.

In what you have offended,
Dissembler well you know.

Lilla and Ghita.

On what will he revolve !

Lilla, Ghita, and Seraskier.

My troubled bosom vexing,
In varied forms perplexing,
A thousand doubts resolve.

Lilla and Ghita,

Compassion thus intreating,
In vain shall we implore ?

Seraskier.

In vain shall they implore.

Lilla and Ghita.

May pity sorrow greeting,
Our happiness restore.

Lilla, Ghita, and Seraskier.

In what have I offended, &c.

[Exit Lilla.

Enter Ismael, Yuseph, Peter, Leopold, and Officers.

Yuseph. Please your highness, here is a most unruly, obstreperous country fellow who has broke open a door, and attempted to knock down a magistrate, and all forsooth because he's under the influence of the tender passion—he is the most violent—unmannerly——

Leop. It's false, I am not violent.

Ismael. [*Aside to the Seraskier.*] This poor fellow has an honest heart, the magistrate is a villain—the villagers are already disaffected to us; be careful how you act in this affair, my lord. Subdue them by your justice, your clemency.

Seras. [*To Ismael.*] I will take your advice for the present, but I must have the girl sooner or later—now hear me.

Ismael. Silence—attend to his highness.

Seras. You all know my affection for the good people of this village——

Leop. [*Half aside*] The women, I believe, know it very well.

Yuseph. Silence, firrah!

Seras. I consider you all as my children.

Leop. [*Half aside*] If he was to stay amongst us much longer, the whole village wou'd be his children in another generation.

Yuseph. How dare you mutter, you reprobate?

Seras. [*Whispers Ismael, who goes off.*] I wou'd willingly content you all, but that's impossible—let my sentence be publickly known.

[*The Curtain at the back of the Tent is drawn up; the Turkish Camp is seen; Soldiers, Peasants, &c. enter through the Tent, and place themselves on each side of the stage.*]

Ghita. [*Aside*] Now for some terrible sentence.

Seras. Leopold, you are in love with Lilla?

Leop. Yes, my lord.

Seras. And lov'd by her in return?

Leop. Yes, your highness,

Seras. Then marry her:

Leop. Thanks to your highness,

Seras.

Seras. You are in love with Lilla, Yuseph?

Yuseph. Yes, my lord.

Seras. And not belov'd by her?

Yuseph. I fear not, my lord.

Seras. Leopold has offer'd you an affront?

Yuseph. He has, my lord:

Seras. You are a man of authority, and shou'd set an example of moderation—you must forgive him.

Leop. How do you like that, old one? [*Aside to Yuseph.*]

Seras. [*To the Officers*] Take off his chains.

Enter Lilla and Ismael.

Lilla. That be my task; it is my duty and happiness.
[*Takes off his chains.*]

FINALE:

Lilla. So kindly condescending,
To our complaints attending,
Your highness us befriending,
No more shall wrongs assail.

Chor. So kindly, &c.

Leop. Your highness please to hear me.

Lilla. Be silent, I beseech.

Leop. Zounds—I'll be cool, don't fear me.

Peter. Oh, let us hear his speech,

Ghita. [*To Seraskier,*] We're bound to you for ever

Seras. No silly compliments. I pray,

Lilla. To thank you I'd endeavour,

Seras. [*To Lilla,*] You soon methinks might learn
the way;

Chor. So kindly, &c.

Seras. Seemingly condescending,
To their complaints attending,
Tho' love my bosom's rending,
Yet shall my scheme prevail.

CHORUS.

May Fate our prayers befriending,
No disappointment sending,
Let love and truth prevail,
Securely bliss enjoying,
All fears of power annoying,
Your clemency destroying,
Now justice shall prevail.

Peter,
Ghita,
Ismael,
on one side

Seraskier,
in the middle,

Leopold,
Lilla,
Yuseph,
on the other side.

[*During the Finale, the Seraskier takes hold of Lilla's hand and kisses it—Leopold observes this, and takes Lilla's place—The Seraskier takes Leopold's hand, supposing it to be Lilla's—but finding his mistake, appears confus'd,*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Convent.

Enter Katharine.

AIR.

MY plaint in no one pity moves
Save Echo, who in plaints replies:
Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the strain the hapless maid
Repeats the unavailing moan;
And while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

Unhappy as I am, it is some consolation to me that Cohenberg knows my heart, and will not wrong me so far as to doubt my constancy.——But see the Seraskier——he treats me with respect, tho' he is still ignorant who I am.

Enter Seraskier.

Alas! madam, shall I never have the happiness of seeing you wear those smiles which nature, prodigal in adorning you, meant as her last gift to perfect your charms.

Kath. I am 'your prisoner, sir; my indignant heart swells whilst I avow it.

Seras. I am your prisoner——does not my every sigh——

Kath. You are a soldier, sir; do not disgrace that character by insulting a defenceless woman.

Enter Ismael.

My lord, a deserter of no vulgar rank from the Austrian camp, desires to be admitted to your presence.

Seras. Conduct him thither. [*Exit Ismael*] I presume madam, you wou'd wish to retire?

Kath. If I stay, I may hear some news of my friends [*Aside*] I request, sir, you will permit me to remain here.

Seras. I thank you madam, for the request, since it at last gives me an opportunity of obliging you.

Enter Ismael and Cohenberg,

Kath. [*Aside*] Oh heavens, my Cohenberg!

Col. [*Aside*] My Katharine!

Seras: What are you?

Col. An Austrian.

Seras.

Seras. What have you to communicate?

Colonel. Colonel Cohenberg is not unknown to your highness.

Kath. [*aside*] What can he mean!

Ser. His character is not unknown to me, what then?

Col. Your highness once wrote to him as to an exchange of prisoners; consequently know his hand.

Seras. Perfectly well.

Kath. [*aside*] I perceive some artifice, but what a hazard does he run!

Col. [*Giving a letter.*] Here, sir, is my commission.

Seras. 'Tis his seal, his writing. [*Reads.*] "The bearer is in my confidence; if you wish for my aid, tell him on what terms you are willing to acquire my friendship and assistance—Cohenberg." Is it possible that I shall be made the happy means of gaining Cohenberg to the Ottoman cause. Tell the gallant Christian, I deem his friendship invaluable, and in the name of my most illustrious sovereign promise, as a debt of gratitude, whatever he shall ask.—Do you know this Colonel Cohenberg, madam?

Kath. Yes, my lord, so well, that I have him now before me. [*Looking at the colonel.*] He married a lady, who was dear to me as myself; they were separated by the chance of war, and Cohenberg now lives to see her he loves in slavery and sorrow.

Col. Take comfort, madam, he loves her more tenderly than ever, and vows to relieve her, or perish in the attempt.

Seras. Say, Christian, if I write, when may I expect an answer?

Col. Within these few hours, you may depend on seeing me again.

Kath. Indeed! [*aside*]

Seras. Heavens, madam, how you are altered; to what am I to attribute this blissful change?

Kath. To the blest tidings I have just now heard. I am charm'd to hear of Cohenberg's inviolable constancy and transported with the hope of his Katharine being one day restor'd to freedom, by the arms of the hero she adores.

Seras.

Seras. You take so warm an interest in his favour, that was he here, I shou'd almost suspect myself reduced into his rival.

Kath. There wou'd be no fear of that, for well he knows his Katharine will not suffer him to have a rival.

Seras. I hardly comprehend you. [*Sits down to write.*] But I must send my answer to Cohenberg's letter.—'Tis done—Now, madam, if you have any kind things to say in behalf of your friend, I'll be your secretary—continue those smiles, and you shall find a Musselman can be as complaisant a lover as any in Christendom can boast.—What shall I tell him?

Kath. Tell him——

DUET.

Seraskier and Katharine.

Of plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all Love dictates tell;
Of restless thought that never slept,
Since when she bade farewell.

The rising sigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear:
So may the sympathetic soul,
Direct kind Fancy's wing
Where future hours in transport roll,
And love's rewards shall bring.

[*During this scene the Colonel and Katharine shew their joy at seeing each other, unobserv'd by the Seraskier, who is between them.—In the course of the DUET, the Colonel makes an unsuccessful effort to give her a letter.*]

Seras. [*Gives the Colonel a letter.*] There is my answer and by our holy prophet do I swear faithfully to perform each article.

[*The Colonel gives a letter to Katharine unperceiv'd by the Seraskier. A Slave enters, snatches it from her, and presents it to the Seraskier on his knee.*]

Seras.

Seras. What's this? [*Reads.*] "I have ventured into
"the Turkish camp in hopes of seeing you, my beloved
"Katharine"—ha! Katharine——this night I mean to
"storm the Seraskier's fort, and give you liberty——
"your true

"COHENBERG."

What, ho! a guard——

Enter Ismael and guard.

Seize him!

Kath. Hear me, my lord.

Seras. No more, dissembler—bear her away.

Kath. My Cohenberg, I have undone thee.

Seras. Away with her. [*Exit two Guards with Kath.*
Slaves! on your lives, I charge you guard well this hy-
pocrite—this liar. [*The Colonel in great agitation feels for
his sword, which the guards take from him when they enter,
and missing it, clasps his hands in agony, and sighs.*] Deep
in the darkest dungeon of the fort let him be chain'd;
there shall he stay till his associates in perfidy shall come
to burst his bonds, and storm the post I guard:

Col. Alike I scorn thy menaces and taunts, I glory
tho' I fail'd in the attempt. Heap cruelty on cruelty on
me, I can bear it; my darkness is the loss of Katharine's
eyes, my chains the despair of seeing her; and death
were transport to the pangs I feel in knowing her a slave
to the barbarian! [*Exit guarded*

Seras. Ismael!

Ismael. My lord.

Seras. Wilt thou not despise me when I tell thee,
neither Cohenberg's plot, nor Katharine's elegance of
charms, can drive this rustic Lilla from my heart: I'll
carry her off this night—have you prepar'd the disguises
as I commanded?

Ismael. I have, my lord:

Seras. Give orders that my tent be placed in yonder
wood, and my seraglio instantly removed thither.

Ismael. Why so, my lord?

Seras. To elude the search that will be made after
Lilla—besides, Cohenberg's design has taught me that I
lie

lie too near the frontiers of the Austrians—Away, and
see my orders are obey'd. [Exit Ismael.]

AIR—SERASKIER.

Confusion! thus defeated!
With bitter scorn thus treated!
Whatever thought pursuing,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding mists of ruin!
In darkening circles rise.
In frost, on fire, by turns,
My bosom freezes—burns,—
'Tis fixt—my rival finds a grave, }
Yet honour bids me save }
From death the captive brave. }
Confusion! thus defeated!
With bitter scorn thus treated!
Whatever thought pursuing,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding mists of ruin
In darkening circles rise.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter Anselm and Peasants.

Anselm. It is as I suspected—I am sure 'twas Colonel
Cohenberg I saw hurried to the fort. I fear the worst.

1st. Peasant.

Is there no help, Anselm?

Anselm. None but this. Some of you must swim the
river, and inform the Austrain out-posts of Cohenberg's
danger; and perhaps their succour may arrive in time to
free him. I will remain on this side, that should they
arrive I may conduct them by short and secret paths to
the Seraskier's tent.

2d Peasant.

I'll go.

1st Peasant.

And I, if I drown for it; let's all go.

Anselm.

Anselm. Hear me, hear me, friends; you two shall undertake this message to the Austrians, and others stay with me to excite the villagers to revolt.

[*Exeunt Anselm and Peasants.*]

Dark SCENE III.—

Another part of the village.

Enter Lilla and Ghita.

DUET,

Haste, gentle Zephyr, o'er the glade
If there my love discerning,
Kindly with flutt'ring pinions aid
His weary steps returning.
So may thy wings (their wanton play
No scorching sun oppressing)
Still gladly fan the sultry day,
And prove the summer's blessing.

AIR—*Ghita.*

Love they call a gentle passion,
Boasts its power to calm the breast;
I prefer the jealous passion;
Sweets when dash'd with sour are best.
While the ever cooing doves
In fond nonsense tell their love;
Scarce existing, nought desiring;
Cloy'd with bliss, as well as they may,
They with languor half expiring
Doze their stupid lives away.

LILLA.

Let me in true pleasure's mirror
Tranquil view Love's placid form;
Free from every jealous terror,
Give me the calm—take you the storm.

Lilla. Well, Ghita, now we are married—I hope
our husbands will take their leave of jealousy.

Ghita.

Ghita. Psha, Lilla, how often must I tell you jealousy follows love like a shadow.

Lilla. Then love is a pretty thing, and an ugly shadow. But I have seen my shadow often in the sun, and it appear'd so tall and frightful, that I am sure it cou'dn't be like me. But it begins to grow late, I wish our husbands wou'd come home.

Ghita. There are two men coming this way.

Enter Seraskier and Ismael in long cloaks.

Seras. [*Aside to Ismael.*] Desire my followers to keep back.

Ghita. [*To Lilla.*] See, they have wrapt themselves up in long cloaks, that we shou'dn't know 'em.

Lilla. [*To Ghita.*] Ah, this is another of Leopold's jealous frolics. But I'll not speak first, I am determined.

Seras. Lilla—Lilla!

Lilla. I can't bear to see him uneasy, I must speak to him.

SESTETTO.

[*During the Sestetto, enter Peter and Leopold.*]

Lilla and Ghita. Night thus from me concealing
The form of him I love;
Oh let his voice revealing,
His truth my fears remove,

Seraskier and Ismael. Night thus from me concealing
The form of her I love;
Oh let her voice revealing,
Her truth my fears remove.

Lilla and Ghita. Oh heavens! the Seraskier!
Seraskier. A lover's accents hear,
With sympathetic passion
Fond expectation cheer.

Lilla and Ghita. Ah! thou'd my husband hear us
What cou'd poor { *Ghita* } do
 { *Lilla* }

Leopold and Peter. Hark! I'm sure there's some one
near us.

Peter. Ghita.
Leopold. Lilla
Lilla and Ghita. Our husbands near us:
 My, love I'm here,
Leopold and Peter. You're here! then who is this so near.
Lilla and Ghita, Honest peasants homeward going
 From their labour I suppose.
Leopold and Peter. How, I pray, are you so knowing?
 Whether they are friends or foes?
 Jealous fears perplexing
 Like whelming billows roll;
 And wreck my tortur'd soul.
To Lilla and Ghita. Be gone! 'tis thy falsehood
 Distracts my tortur'd soul.
Lilla and Ghita. Ah! can my dear suspect me!
 My truth he cannot fear;
All. Suspense in clouds shuts in the day
 Hope, cheering star, afford thy ray,
 Of silver light, and to our eyes
 Oh! bid thy bright creation rise.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE IV.

Inside of Peter's house.

A Table with supper and wine on it discovered.

Enter Peter and Leopold.

Peter. A pretty adventure this.
Leop. Yes, a very pretty adventure indeed.
Peter. How do you feel, Leopold?
Leop. Oh, I am compos'd, quite compos'd.
Peter. For my part, I own I am in a passion.
Leop. Oh then you are wrong, my dear friend; you
 are wrong, Peter. *Peter*

Peter. My suspicions are not easily rous'd, but now—

Leop. Oh for shame Peter, can't you be calm—death and damnation, can't you be cool!

Peter. I confess I am angry, and———

Leop. But you shan't be angry, I tell you. You must be cool—dam'me you shall,

Peter. Must I!

Leop. Yes.

Peter. Why then I will; you know I am naturally very peaceable.

Leop. Peaceable! here's a fellow now that, wou'd stand by quietly to have his horns fitted on; by my troth, if I must wear mine, I'll butt with 'em like a mad bull.

Exit

Peter. Poor Leopold, he's angry with me for not putting myself in a passion—desires that I will be cool, then flies in a rage because I follow his advice.

AIR.

How few know how to value life,
And taste its real joys,
Unmixed with jealousy and strife,
With anger, pride, and noise;
Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
And scorn me if they please;
Let me love, laugh and take my glass,
And lead a life of ease.

Limpid and pure life's current seems,
'Till passion's wild mistake
In madness troubles all the streams,
Of which he must partake;
Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
And scorn me if they please,
Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
And lead a life of ease.

Enter Leopold.

I say, Peter, Ghita's coming this way. Now don't you say any thing to her, because you won't keep your-

self cool; leave me to manage her, I know no more about these matters than you do.

Enter Ghita.

Leop. Well, Ghita, your husband and I have been laughing over the whimsical affair that happened just now.

Ghita. Yes, it was whimsical indeed—all's safe I find, *[Aside.]*

Leop. Well, and so they were countrymen returning from their day's labour, were they?

Ghita. Yes, countrymen returning from labour.

Leop. Oh, I dare say they were—Curse me if I believe a word on't. *[Aside.]* Well, but who were they?

Ghita. I know no more of the matter than Lilla does.

Peter. Oh, here comes Lilla.

Enter Lilla.

Leop. Lilla, my dear, come here, I want to speak with you—now you know that I never put myself into a passion—but a lie provokes me, therefore have a care; now I expect you to tell me the truth, for Ghita has confess'd the whole matter.

Lilla. Has she indeed?

Leop. She has, therefore have a care.

Peter *[Aside to Leopold.]* Now Leopold, I tell you—

Leop. Be quiet, you fool, keep yourself calm, *[Aside, Ghita makes signs to Lilla that she has not told.]*

Lilla. *[Aside.]* Oh! oh! very well.

Leop. *[To Lilla.]* Come, why don't you speak?—these countrymen?

Lilla. Aye, these countrymen, who were they? why don't you tell me—I am sure you know?

Leop. I know—here's a pretty piece of business,

Lilla. Well, if you won't tell me, Ghita will, *[To Ghita,*

Leop. Hark'e Lilla, I am convinced you are wrong, therefore I insist on your confession.

Lilla.

Lilla. Oh, you will have me confess?

Leop. Yes I will, therefore recollect yourself, I will have it,—I say, Peter this is the way to manage a wife—you see, I have carried my point. [To Peter,

AIR.—Lilla:

What can mean that thoughtful frown?
Why those eyes to earth cast down?
Tell me what amiss they see:
Let them kindly look on me.
La ra la la!

What then would my dearest have?
Come, indeed, I will be grave
And with melancholy face
Calmly hear thy piteous case.
La ra la la!

[During the Song, she dances slowly between Peter, Leopold, and Ghita,

Peter. I say Leopold, this is the way to manage a wife; you have carried your point.

Leop. Why I—I—I—I don't know how it is—but, ecod, she has danc'd me into a good humour, I think.

Lilla. Now, Leopold, how cou'd you serve me so—why, Ghita says you have been laughing at her.

Leop. Why, yes, I believe I am in a merry humour.

Lilla. I don't think you are merry—you seem grumpy.

Leop. Pshaw! no such thing. I am not grumpy.

Ghita. Ah, you don't deserve the supper we have prepared for you—but come, Lilla, we must forgive 'em.

Lilla. Well; if we must—we must. [Kisses Leopold.

[Lilla and Ghita bring the Table, &c. forward.

Leop. [Aside to Peter,] Well, Peter, what do you think of this?

Peter. [To Leopold, *aside*,] Why, for my part, I think it looks like innocence.

Leop. So it does—so it does—but we'll watch 'em tho'—so mum, Peter, [They all sit down] Egad, I never was happier in my life; come, let's have a toast.

Lilla. I'll give you one.—May our happiness ever continue.

Leop. Very well—very well indeed, [All drink.] So good a toast deserves a second bumper. [drinks again,] Now, away with suspicions for ever.

Seras sings without.

SERENADE.

To mighty love the trembling strings as pressing,
Sacred to him they praise their sweet employ;
Ah! the fond heart whose passion they're expressing
Vibrates like them to love, but not to joy.

Leop. What's that?

Peter. It sounds like music.

Ghita. What delightful harmony!

Leop. Curse harmony I don't like it at all. [Rises]

Lilla. Sit down, Leopold.

Leop. I won't sit down.

Lilla. Nay, don't be angry, here's a merry thought for you.

Leop. Eat it yourself, then.

Lilla. You shall sit down; it's only the villagers amusing themselves, and you know, Leopold, that people of fashion often have music at supper:

[Serasier sings without.

Leop. Oh, choak your singing,

Lilla. [Aside to Ghita] We are undone—'tis the [Serasier.

Peter. Ha, Leopold! there's danger in that voice—how melodious?

Leop. Horridly melodious—Hark ye—Peter, are you courageous?

Peter. Tolerably so—

Leop.

Leop. [*Takes two swords, gives one to Peter.*] Here, then, take this sword—and follow me—we'll join the concert; and if I don't put these gallants out of tune I'll be—it's astonishing how I continue to keep my temper.

[*Exit with Peter.*]

Lilla. What will become of us!—Let's follow them—I fear there will be mischief—I wonder that Leopold keeps his temper. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Yusuf from a door in the back Scene.

All quiet. Then I'm sure Leopold can't be here—and I have such a dread of that damn'd fellow, that—
[*Seeing the supper.*] Hey! what have we here—a good supper, and nobody to eat it. I think my appetite returns as my fright goes off.—Egad, I'll pick a bit. There's nothing in the world I like better than a good supper, especially when any body else pays for it; ha! ha! ha! Hey! what's this? [*Holding up a large slice of ham on his fork.*] Oh; the Christian dogs, what eat pork—Oh horrible! [*Eats the ham eagerly.*] O fie!—O fie!—What have we hear, wine! worse and worse—wine indeed! how can people be so impious to drink wine. [*Drinks a large cupful*] Tho' I believe a Mahometan may take a cup of wine when nobody sees him—Egad, I'll take another. Here's to the founder of the feast. [*Drinks*] Now, if I cou'd but meet with Lilla—good cheer puts one in such excellent spirits, and makes one so valliant and so loving, that—
[*Pistols fire*] Oh, Lord! [*Starts up*] they are firing pistols against the door—O dear, O dear—what will become of me! [*Goes to the door in the back Scene*] Hey! why this door is fast—mercy on me! [*Retires*]

Enter Peter and Ghita.

Ghita. Stay here, my dear Peter, if you love me, all opposition is fruitless—I am sure the Scarskier is amongst them.

Peter. Poor Leopold he'll be overpower'd by numbers.

bers; run up to the top of the house; Ghita, and alarm the neighbours. [*Exit Ghita*] How unlucky, that this accident shou'd happen just at supper time.

Enter Leopold.

Confusion! they have carried off my Lilla; plâgue on this sword for failing me, when I might have rescued her—but I'll raise the neighbourhood, and if I can but find that old scoundrel Yuseph, [*Turns round and sees Yuseph*] Ha, villain! what brought you here?

Yuseph. What brought me here? why I heard a riot, and came to—to—to—

Leop. To what?

Yuseph. Why to quell it—and defend your house; and beside, I came to wish you joy on your marriage, my dear friend.

Leop. And how did you get into the house?

Yuseph. I came thro' the garden, and in at the back door, quietly and peaceably as a magistrate shou'd do, and agreeable to my function,

Peter. Yes, and you seem to have been eating some of our supper; was that agreeable to your function, hey?

Leop. Ah, sirrah! who asked you to supper?

Yuseph. I only pick'd a bit.

Leop. Hold your tongue—hark'e, rascal, my Lilla's carried off, and I am almost sure that you are in the plot—so come along, and if I find my suspicions right, I'll hang you on the next tree. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Turkish Watch Tower.

Enter Seraskier, Ismael, and Guards, from the Tower.

Seras. Well, Ismael, so far we have proceeded successfully, and Lilla is safe within my power—the villagers fought manfully.

Ismael

Ismael. I fear my lord, we shall experience other proofs of their valour,

Seras. To what am I to attribute these unusual apprehensions, *Ismael*?

Ismael. My lord, I never before fought in a cause I was asham'd of.

Seras. No more, it's time to think of *Cohenberg*; are the executioners prepared?

Ismael. They are, my lord.

Seras. Are the horsemen ready to bear off *Katharine*?

Ismael. They have their orders, my lord. [*Retires back*]

Seras. [*To the guards*] Strike off his chains, and bring your prisoner forth—Do you conduct the lady hither. [*To another guard who exit,*]

[*Guards lift up a Trap Door in the middle of the stage one descends, and returns with Cohenberg—*]

Col. To what new indignities am I reserved?

Enter Guard with Katharine.

Seras. Hear me, *Christian*; had the chance of battle made you my prisoner, I shou'd have treated you as a foldier; but you have degraded yourself into a spy, and ignominious death is by the law of nations your reward. Yet life and death, on one condition, may still be yours:

Col. And if that one shou'd be unworthy—learn, tho' life and liberty are dearer to me than all the treasures of your Eastern world—I have a gem within my keeping, more valuable far, *my Honour*, which I scorn to barter for it. [*Muffled drums are heard*]

Seras. Hark! that is thy knel; when thrice those sounds, within a few short moments, shall have pass'd upon thy obstinacy, that instant is thy last.—Attend; this night thy *Austrian's* mean to attack my fort. Let the deceivers be deceived, deliver them to my sword. Renounce your *Christian* worship; do this, and in my *Sultan's* name, I promise you power, wealth, honour, your *Katharine*, all your wishes can desire.

Col.

Col. My Katharine! she is a reward so valuable so truly great, that——

Kath. Hear me, Cohenberg—shou'd an unmanly tenderness for me make thee forget thy faith, thy country, and thy king, that instant, tho' that instant be my last, I'll tear thee, coward, from my bleeding heart, and cast thee off unworthy of my love.

Seras. Death to my hopes, she ruins all my purposes. Christian, reflect, be quick, or both your lives shall ex-
piate thy fault.

Kath. This is the greatest mercy thou can'st shew. He dares to die, and I dare not live to see him dishonour'd.

Seras. Confusion!—[*Muffled drums*] Appear, ye ministers of death. [*Enter black slaves*] Now Christian this, moment is thy last.

Col. Oh, heavens?

Seras. Bear her away.

Kath. To torture—death—my Cohenberg, remember me.

Col. In life and death, my Katharine.

Seras. Away with her: [*Exit Kath guarded*]

Col. Come, tyrant, give me the fatal bow-string, and end at once this pageant of thy cruelty. Thy threats I boldly here despise: thy offers thus I tread beneath my feet; and tho' this worthless frame fall before thee, fix'd as the founded rock my soul shall stand, firm to my God, my Country, and my King:

Seras. I'll hear no more:

Col. [*Kneels*] Preserve my Katharine, Heaven!

[*Muffled drums—the Slaves put the cord round his neck, and prepare to strangle him:*]

Seras. Dispatch him, slaves.

Col. Good angels, guard my Katharine!

Seras. Christian thy prayers are vain:

[*A great shout is heard, and the drums beating to Arms*]

Seras. Distraction! we are betray'd. [*Exit into the Tower*]

Col. Off—off—ye slaves, Enter

Enter Anselm, Peter, Leopold, &c.—Anselm gives Colonel a sword—slaves run off—Anselm, Peter, and Leopold, go into the Tower—Seraskier re-enters with his sword drawn—Colonel fights with him, and drives him off.—The Turks are driven from the Tower, the Turkish flag is taken down, and the Austrian Colours hoisted—Then a party of Austrians enter from the Tower, with Peter, Leopold, Anselm, and Peasants—Colonel enters—Drums and Trumpets all the time.

Col. The villain has escap'd me in the throng—But, oh! Katharine no where to be found!

Peter. A Turkish soldier told me, even now, some horsemen bore her over yonder plain:

Col. Ha! over yonder plain— [*Exit into the Tower,*

FINALE.

Now victory has, like a mistress kind,
Put an end to all our quarrels;
In a brimming cup our joys we'll find,
From the vine we'll pluck our laurels:
Let us drink as we fight; with loud huzzas,
We'll charge and scorn all shrinking,
Till our wine like the foe retreats apace,
And we shew our valour in drinking:

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Inside of the Seraskier's Tent. Several Ladies of the Seraglio discover'd.

CHORUS of Women.

ON the warlike plains descending,
Night in pity casts her veil;
Hostile strife a while suspending,
Short liv'd peace and rest prevail:

Enter,

Enter Fatima and Lilla from the Tent; Lilla in an elegant Turkish Habit.

Fatima. Then you are resolv'd to leave us, Lilla?

Lilla. Yes, your ladyship, that I will as soon as I can,

Fatima. And are you not sorry to part with your fine clothes, and quit the pleasures of the Seraglio?

Lilla. Pleasures, madam, what are they?

Fatima. Why 'tis our pleasure to obey his highness the Seraskier, who is our lord and husband:

Lilla. And have you no other husband?

Fatima. Why, that's a very odd question:

Lilla. Nay, I beg your ladyship's pardon, but I understand there are five and twenty of you, if so, what a pity that you shou'd only have one husband amongst you—

Fatima. Nay, nay, I ought not to be sorry at your going, or for the beautiful stranger leaving us,—I have hitherto been the Seraskier's favourite, and you are two dangerous rivals—O here she comes.

Enter Katharine from the Tent.

This intelligence of Cohenberg's safety gives me new life—Now let Fortune do her worst!—Well, Fatima, are the centinels brib'd to let us pass—

Fatima. I gave Selim the gold, as you desir'd, who doubtless has obey'd your orders,

Kath. So, Lilla, I find you are to be my guide to the castle; are you sure you know the way?

Lilla. Yes, my lady, 'tis by the private path, which leads directly to it. I dare say we shall be safe. [*Trembling*

Kath. Why do you tremble, Lilla?

Lilla. No, my lady, yes—yes—ye—yes, I believe I am a little afraid.

Kath. O for shame! you a lover! consider.

Lilla. No, I won't consider—now pray, madam, talk finely to me, as you did a little while ago, and don't let me think of difficulties,

Kath. Difficulties! they are the test of virtue, the spur

spur to courage ; the noble mind wou'd lose half its splendour, were it not for the pleasure of surmounting difficulties.

AIR.

No more I heave the heart-felt sigh ;
No more I drop the briny tear,
Hope's promis'd honor of bliss is near,
Yet dangers surrounding,
My reason confounding,
Ah ! whither shall I fly !

Enter a Turkish Soldier.

[*Drums and Trumpets*] The Drums are beating to arms, we expect to be attacked every moment. [*Exit:*

Kath. Come, Lilla ; adieu, kind Fatima.

[*Exeunt Kath. and Lilla ; the others into the Tent.*]

Peter. [*Without*] The enemy's camp's on fire—plunder's the word.

Enter Peter, Leopold, Anselm, Peasants, and Austrian Soldiers who cut down the Seraskier's Tent, and carry it off in pieces—the Turkish camp is seen on fire at a Distance—Drums and Trumpets are heard—Then re-enter Leopold and Peter.

Leop. Lilla not to be found ! Oh she is in the plot—I am sure she is, she has done it on purpose. I knew she wou'd run away when I married her, I was certain of it.

Peter. 'Tis a pity, indeed.

Leop. 'Tis false—'tis not a pity :

Peter. Well then, 'tis not a pity ; what a plague mustn't I be sorry for you ?

Leop. Rot your sorrow ! no.

Peter. Well I won't be sorry then.

Leop. But are you really sorry for me, Peter ?

Peter. To be sure I am ; you know the friendship I have had for you, ever since we were boys together.

Leop. Give me your hand then ; I ask your pardon—but why will you provoke me ?

Peter. Why was you provoked then ?

Leop. No, I was not, but I mean that—I say I mean ; zounds, I don't know what I mean,

D

SONG.

SONG.

How provoking your doubts! do you think I'm a fool?
In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;
While ourselves and our neighbours
With guns, pistols, sabres,
Were cutting and flashing,
Mahometans hashing.]

But need I care for that—since time's on the wing
You see I am merry—you hear how I sing;
Tol de rol, &c.

You see I am merry—you hear how I sing.

That jade, madam Lilla—that gipsy, afar,
Is jigging away to the Turkish guittar;

While great smooth-chin'd fribbles,

With vile squeaking trebles,

Chant her praises, to cheer

That cruel Seraskier!

[me,

Till the handkerchief's thrown—but then what's that to
It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see,

Tol de rol, &c.

It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, your see. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

Inside of Cohenberg's house.

Enter an Austrian Soldier, and Lilla veiled.

Sol. Pray walk this way, our colonel will be so glad
to see you.

Lilla. Indeed, sir, he won't.

Sol. Oh, but I am sure he will, my lady.

Lilla. Sir!

Sol. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but, tho' bred in
the ranks, I know good manners.

Lilla. Ah, that's my misfortune; I wish you did not,
for then you wou'd quit the room, and let me alone.

[Soldier bows and exit.

Yuseph. [Without] Come along, Michael.

Lilla. Oh, heavens! that wretch Yuseph; what shall
I do!—tho' perhaps he won't know me in this dress,

[Retires up the stage.

*Enter an Austrian Soldier, conducting in Yuseph and
Michael—Yuseph dressed as an Austrian Officer. Yuseph*

Yuseph. Pray, don't disturb the noble colonel; but when his honour is quite at leisure, let his honour know that I humbly wait to offer my congratulations—my name is Heroon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blandenkerstoon Schwartzbergen. *[Exit Soldier.]*

Michael. Why, hey day! I thought your name had been Ben Yacomb Ben Mustapha.

Yuseph. Ah, that was my Turkish title; but it won't do now, the Austrians are our masters. I think I have got a good name, hey, Michael?

Mich. Yes, and as you never had a good name before I hope you will keep it now you have got it.

Yuseph. Ha! ha! very well, you are a sharp fellow, Michael; I'll recommend you to the colonel when I am appointed to some post of great emolument under him; you shall be my deputy, and do all the business for me—and I'll take all the money. *[Aside.]*

Michael. So I will—I have often wonder'd where the deuce you cou'd conceal your riches,

Yuseph. Ay, that's a secret I mean to let you into, for I don't think my hoards are quite safe in this time of warlike combustion—we'll remove them, Michael.

Michael. But where are they? *[Lilla listens]*

Yuseph. Why, you know the burying place about a mile off, which the Turks hold so sacred. In the middle of the ground stands a high and spacious tomb; there have I hid it—but mum!

Enter Austrian Soldier.

[To Lilla.] Our colonel is not at home, madam; but I shall be happy to attend your ladyship.

Yuseph. Hark'e, my lad, *[to Soldier.]* pray who is this pretty piece of camp furniture, eh!

Sol. Hush! 'tis our colonel's lady, I was the first who saw her here, and expect to be made a corporal for it.

[Exit.]

Yuseph. Oh, ho! then I know my cue. *[Aside to Michael.]* Leave us Michael. *[Exit Michael—Yuseph bows very low to Lilla.]* How happy are we all to see your ladyship return'd. The colonel is a most amiable creature; he does me the honour to live in my house; it was mine yesterday. Indeed, he forgot to ask my leave—but

true politeness overlooks trifles, He must have a number of pretty things at his disposal. Oh, if ever I should live to be appointed a commissary—and if your ladyship would but stand my friend—Pray is your ladyship fond of jewels?

Lilla. [*Aside*] If I speak to him—he'll know my voice.

Yuseph. I have some of the most beautiful pearls here, which I should be proud to present to your ladyship.

[*Offers a casket.*

Lilla. [*Aside*] I believe I had best take them to prevent further questions.

[*Takes the casket.*

Yuseph. [*Aside.*] She is used to bribery, I see that.

Enter Soldier.

The colonel is not return'd yet, madam; till he does we shall be proud to obey the wife of our noble commander.

Lilla. [*Throws open the veil*] I am not his wife, sir,

Yuseph. Why—hey day!—Zounds, this my wife that ought to be.

Lilla. No, I'll not be the wife of any of you—But since you say, sir, you will obey my commands—pray be kind enough to turn that wicked old justice of peace out of the house.

Sol. Oh, that we will directly. [*Exit*

Yuseph. What, turn me out of the house; that's a damn'd good joke—well, but *Lilla*, I'll trouble you for my pearls again, my dear.

Lilla. Why, I thought you gave them to me.

Yuseph. Yes, I gave them to you to look at.

Lilla. Well, I have look'd at 'em, and like 'em very well.

Yuseph. Come, come, I must have my jewels.

Enter two Soldiers.

Lilla. Turn him out.

Yuseph. I won't go without my pearls; at your peril detain them. Look ye, my lads, I'm a magistrate; I see you are well dispos'd persons, and so I'll explain to you the nature of justice, as to private property—for instance, my pearls—I say my pearls. [*Soldiers pushes him out.*

Lilla. Ha: ha! ha! I think I shall be even with you, Mr Justice—I am glad I know where his money's hid—

I wish

I wish I had told that gentleman of the fine lady that came away with me. I dare say she is the colonel's wife. Ah, but then perhaps he wou'd have been angry with me for losing her. Well thanks to Fortune, here I am at present, so I'll think no more of past dangers.

AIR.

Domestic peace, my soul's desire,

The dearest bliss Fate could bestow;

At length to thee I may aspire,

Misfortune's storm no longer blow:

Escap'd their, ire, now safe on shore

I listen to the tempest's roar;

And while the billows idly foam,

They but endear my long lost home. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—

Outside of Colonel Cohenberg's House

Yuseph push'd out by two Soldiers

Yuseph. Well, but hear me, I say that—there, they have turn'd me out, and won't hear me—nobody will attend to me—what a miserable old dog I am—never was there so unhappy a magistrate,

Enter Leopold.

Leop. Cruel, cruel, Lilla!

Yuseph. What!

Leop. She has robb'd me of my peace for ever.

Yuseph. She has robb'd me too; however, I am ready to make the matter up, if you will pay me directly for the pearls.

Leop. What does the fellow mean?

Yuseph. I mean the pearls Lilla had of me.

Leop. What! had of you?

Yuseph. Hear me patiently, and I'll tell you all.

Leop. Zounds! I am patient—well?

Yuseph. I intended them pearls as a present to a certain person.

Leop. And you gave 'em to Lilla?

Yuseph. Yes, in my house, Colonel Cohenberg's I mean, for there she is.

Leop. What, Lilla there—Oh, ho,

[knocks
Solo.]

Sol. [*Within*] What, you won't go along, [*Comes out and sees Leopold,*] Ha! brother soldier, how are you?

Leop. Very well, thank'e—well, and so you are here—and how are you—is'nt there a young woman—I'm glad to see you—I say, a young woman—how long have you been here—call'd Lilla, in this house?

Sol. Yes, she is within—come with me.

[*Exeunt Leopold and Soldier—Yuseph attempts to follow, is push'd back, and the door shuts.*]

Yuseph. What, the door shut in my face—the door of my own house—I see there is no chance of getting the pearls, and I shall be ruined if I stay here; so I'll e'en pack up my remaining treasure, and go over to the Turks, I got all my money by changing sides, and I'll change sides once more to keep it.

AIR.

Some time ago I married a wife,
And she, poor soul, was the plague of my life;
I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were done,
But i'faith I find they're just begun,

Tho' she's gone,
Still 'tis all one,

My troubles, alas! are just begun.

A magistrate I next became;
To be impartial was my aim,
No distinction I made between great and small:
Plaintiffs, defendants—I fleec'd them all,
Great and small, fleec'd them all,
Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em all.

In praise of honesty, I've heard
As policy 'tis much preferr'd,
Then if 'tis best in life's repast,
The daintiest dish, I'll taste the last,

Honest at last,
Tir'd of the past,
Perhaps as a change I may try it at last.

[*Exit*]

SCENE IV.—

A room at Colonel Cohenberg's.

Enter Leopold and Lilla.

Lilla, My dear Leopold, how glad am I to see you—
was not it lucky that I heard Yuseph say where his
riches were?

Leop,

Leop. Yes, very lucky—not a word of the pearls yet. [*Afide*—Well, but Lilla—this fine dress of yours—Zounds! I can't bear to look at it:

Lilla. What more suspicions, Leopold?

Leop. No, my suspicions are vanish'd:

Lilla. I am glad of it:

Leop. Yes, I am convinced of your falsehood. Where are the pearls that Yuseph gave you; I suppose you can explain that to me.

Lilla. I'll explain nothing, Leopold; your want of confidence in me vexes me to the heart. I am sure we shall never be happy if this is the case: [*Cries*

Leop. O very well! I see what you want—you wish to part—Oh! with all my heart.

Lilla. And with all mine:

DUET.

Lilla. Tho' you think by this to vex me,
Love no more can give me pain.

Leop. Vainly strive not to perplex me,
You shall dupe me ne'er again:

Lilla. Now your falsehood is requited
I'll enjoy a single life:

Leop. Hark! to glory I'm invited,
By the cheerful drum and fife:

Lilla. By consent then now we sever,

Leop. Love's all nonsense—freedom's sweet;

Lilla. And we take our leave for ever:

Leop. Never more again to meet:

Lilla. Never more

Leop. Never more:

Lilla. I don't want, sir, to assure you,
I don't wish you to stay not I:

Leop. I'm quite happy I assure you
Gladly I pronounce good bye!

Lilla. You have chang'd your mind, believe me:

Leop. No—I told you so before:

Lilla. Can you have the heart to leave me?

Leop. Yes; I'll never see you more.

Lilla. Never more!

Leop. ———Never more:

Both. Never more my love shall leave me;

Never part—no, never more: [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—

A Turkish Burying Ground.

Enter Peter and Leopold with a small Cane

Peter. How fortunate that Lilla shou'd overhear Yuseph discover where his treasures were hid—But you, say we are to carry this money to Colonel Cohenberg, who will endeavour to restore it to the lawful owners of it.

Leop. Yes, we are to commit a robbery for the public good! so follow me, Peter—in we go.

[Exeunt into the tomb.]

Enter Michael with a sack, Yuseph disguis'd in a long cloak.

Yuseph. Come along Michael. But make no noise, that we may make our escape undiscover'd to Belgrade—This is the spot where I buried my poor dear wife two years ago:

Michael. I recollect it:

Yuseph. Ah! many a time in the dead of the night have I visited this place

Mich. What the plague, did you want to steal your wife?

Yuseph. No, no; I ran away with her when she was alive, and repented it ever afterwards. She was a good soul, but rather turbulent; never quiet till she arrived here, and now she is at rest I shou'd be sorry to disturb her—There, Michael, that tomb is my banking-house, and perhaps it is not the first banking-house where a fortune has been buried. However, this is an old established shop, and the parties in it are quiet safe people.

Michael. Then we are come to remove the treasure?

Yuseph. Even so, my boy—I shall take away my money, and leave my wife. Many a husband wou'd think that no bad bargain, *[Going in, and meets Leopold and Peter]* Oh, terrible! what do I see, my riches! Oh, you audacious robbers! Oh, you sacrilegious villains.

Leop. Now don't make a noise—you must be cool.

Yuseph. Why, you impudent varlet!—do you plunder me, and preach to me at the same time. Zounds, I'll never be cool again.

Leop. Yes, you will; *[Strikes him with a Cane.]* How do you find yourself now? *[Strikes him again.]*

Yuseph. Oh, good, kind Leopold I am cool—indeed, I am quiet.

Leop.

Leop. Now then, let's hear what you have got to say ?

Yuseph. May I then, without offence, ask what right you have to take my money—I don't ask this in anger.—I am quite cool.

Leop. Your money! why your name is Heroon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blandenkerstoon Schwartzbergen.

Peter. And this money belongs to one Ben Yacomb Ben Ali Ben Mustapha.

Leop. An old roguish magistrate of this village, who us'd to cheat people of their property, come, honest Michael, you shall carry this treasure for us to colonel Cohenberg's.

Yuseph To colonel Cohenberg's!—why, what the devil.

Leop. [*Holding up his cane,*] What, you want the other dose.

Yuseph. No——no——

Leop. Well then, assist Peter in loading Michael,

Yuseph. I tell you I will not assist——that——

Leop. [*Strikes him,*] Now be cool,

Yuseph. This is damn'd hard to make a man accessory to robbing himself.

[*They all put several Bags, which Peter and Leopold brought from the Tomb, into the sack; then put it on Michael's back, who takes it off—Yuseph puts one of the bags into his pocket, unseen by Peter and Leopold—*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Outer wall in the Burying Ground, Several voices are heard crying, " Follow! Follow! "

Enter Katharine, Leopold, Peter, Michael, and Yuseph, from the Gate in the Burying Ground Wall.

Kath. Oh heavens! I am close pursued Which way shall I escape—my friends, will you conduct me to Colonel Cohenberg's?

Leop. Ay, madam, at the hazard of our lives: lead on, Yuseph. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seraskier Ismael and guard.

Seras. Confusion! my camp destroy'd, and Katharine escap'd:

Ismael. Pray, my lord, return: you are near the frontiers of the Austrians: Seras.

Seras. Not till I recover Katharine [*Trumpet*] Hark !
I am call'd to arms ; begone, and bear our crescent to the
wars. *Exit Ismael*

AIR.

Love and honour now conspire
To rouse my soul with martial fire,
Holy prophet hear my prayer,
Give me once more the charming fair,
The Austrian trumpet's bold alarms
Breathe defiance to our arms,
Fir'd with ardour to engage
Give me to dare the battle's rage,
When groans that shall be heard no more,
Echo! to the Cannon's roar,
Death stalks triumphant o'er the field;
On every side the Christians yield,
Still conquest doubtly blesses
The lover-soldier's arms;
In prospect he possesses
Complying beauty's charms. [*Exit*

SCENE VII.

Castle and view of Belgrade.

The Siege commences. Guns firing Balls of fire—suppos'd to be thrown to fire the Citadel—A party of Turks are repuls'd by a party of Austrians—an Austrian Soldier fights some time sword in hand with a Turkish Soldier, but loosing his sword, takes a pistol from his Belt and fires at him; the Turk falls, and is thrown into the ditch that surrounds the Castle—Cohenberg and Seraskier enter fighting with swords—Seraskier falls—Peter, Leopold, Anselm, &c. fight each with a Turkish Soldier—Yuseph enters and flourishes his sword on the side of the Turks, but finding they are to be conquer'd joins the Austrians—Drums and trumpets heard all the time.

Col. [To Seraskier, who is down] Rise, and learn,
Christian revenge.

Enter

Enter Katharine

FINALE.

In the course of which enter Ghita and Lilla.

CHORUS of *Austrians.*

Loud let the song of triumph rise,
Blest, Triumph, o'er Oppression's sway;
Valour hath gain'd the brightest prize,
For Freedom's voice shall join the lay.

Kath. Fortune relenting from her stores
Her richest treasures lavish pours;
The bliss for which so long we strove,
The joys of victory and love.

Seras. Vanquish'd I boast my victor brave,
Light were the chains which Valour gave
More potent fetters now I find,
Kindness subdues his captive's mind.

CHORUS.

Loud let the song of triumph rise,
Blest triumph o'er Oppression's sway;
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,
For Freedom's voice shall join the lay.

DUET—*Lilla and Ghita.*

Now while music her strains most inviting
Shall in sweet Gratitude's cause display;
Tho' untutor'd in skill so delighting,
Our heart-felt thanks lets us humbly pay
Strains so artless tho' we proffer,
Hearts o'er flowing zest the offer.
Now while Music, &c.

CHORUS.

Now while Music, &c.

Leop. All ill-humour thus vented in fighting,
We are, as usual, good humour'd and gay

Lilla. Happy Liberty's blessings regaining,
They inspiring our simple lays.

Ghita.

Ghita, Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,
The theme our humble song will raise.

Lilla. Strains so artless:

Ghita. Tho' we proffer.

Lilla. Hearts o'erflowing:

Ghita. Zest the offer

CHORUS.

Freedom's glorious cause sustaining
The theme our humble song will raise,

DUET—*Lilla and Ghita*.

Now while Music, &c.

Kath. From companions in danger, greeting
Of friendship how can we require;

TRIO.

A reception so gracious when meeting,
Our duty becomes our delight.

DUET—*Lilla and Ghita*.

Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly brow merit marks it to wear.

CHORUS

4 AP 54
Doubly dear is that laurel while placing
By the lov'd hand of the favourite Fair,
Toils forgetting, pleasure courting,
Beauty beaming, smiles transporting,
Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly, &c.

F I N I S.

